

Confessions

Faye Valentine

~ ~ ~

Confessions

Copyright© 2021 by **Faye Valentine**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Larissa and Rylie expected the colored brand on their inner left thigh as they willingly accepted it as the price for gaining entry into the exclusive lesbian fetish club, but the one depicting a triskelion with PROPERTY OF EVE'S NOOK written around it on her right hip came as a surprise. Fortunately for those running the place, after more than fifteen straight hours of being gang banged they were far too exhausted to put up any sort of intelligible argument. Clothes nowhere to be found, they walked out into the warm afternoon sun shining down on their naked bodies.

"Good thing we packed for the trip," Rylie sighed. "Wanna pop the trunk so we can grab something to wear?"

"Nah, I'd rather see you butt naked for the next several hundred miles."

"You're kidding, right? We just spent the last I don't even know how long getting gang banged by dozens of women. How can you be so ready to rush into being a prostitute? Also, I'd love to remain naked but I'd prefer to stay out of jail much more."

"Not in a rush to be a prostitute," Larissa said as she popped the trunk. "Or to be given yet another brand, but time is limited and I'd rather get some miles behind us before we stop for the night."

"We've got three days before we need to be there. We can spend the day and night taking it easy. Do I need to make it an order?"

"No Mistress. We can find a hotel here and then set out in the morning."

"Thank you."

"So, now that we've finished stop one on my sister's summer of submission list, how are you feeling? Other than exhausted that is."

"Scared. Excited. Nervous. Thrilled. I don't know what's crazier, that we're going to spend a day being prostitutes, or that I'm eager to do it."

"I know what you mean, Mistress. I wonder how many people Kaylee and Shayla pleased and if we'll get the same room."

"Or the same people."

"Oh man, I didn't even think about that, Mistress. Not that it matters since we'll never see them again, but kind of weird having sex with the same men and women as my sister and her fiancé."

"And paid to do so," Rylie said as she loosely tied the front of her new shirt. Getting back in the car, she exhaled. "I'm covered enough so you can hit the road now."

"Yes Mistress."

"So, I've been thinking..." Pausing, Rylie took a deep breath and then slowly exhaled. "I want to go on this crazy adventure, we want to, but wouldn't it make more sense to wait until the piercings in our nipples and pussy heal so that we can actually give the men and women that are paying to fuck us access to what they're actually paying for?"

"I absolutely agree, but we still have mouths and asses and I've got a feeling that if we go home now we'd chicken out and go no further."

"I get it, you're a masochist. The more pain you're in the hornier you are, but the exact opposite is true for me. Do you understand that? I have zero desire to have sex with anyone right now and that you want to force the issue speaks volumes," Rylie fumed at her fiancé.

"I'm not forcing anything! If you want to go home we'll go home. And for the record, I do understand that you're not into pain." Putting the car in reverse, Larissa backed out of the

space, pulled out of the parking lot and hit the road without saying another word – disappointed their trip was ending after only one day while simultaneously happy that her fiancé stood her ground.

“You not talking to me now?” Rylie asked after nearly an hour of palpable silence. “Are you really that pissed I’d rather go home and heal than risk getting infected, to having the piercings migrate or be rejected? Not to mention we have no idea what sort of people will want to use us. What if they don’t care that we’ve just been pierced and decide to fuck us anyways? Did you even stop to consider that possibility? Nevermind, of course you did. And let me guess, you like the idea. You’re insane, you know that? Don’t get me wrong, I love you to death, but god damn, Larissa, you can’t just charge into any sexual situation without taking some sort of precaution.”

Larissa new her fiancé was right, that she was letting her love of pain and humiliation guide her every action, but she could not help who and what she was. “I’ve thought a great deal about what might happen and have taken every precaution humanly possible including the case of condoms and gun in the trunk. I’d like to think people would be compassionate enough to not mess with our piercings and brands, but I know that’s wishful thinking which is why I also packed the medical tape to cover everything. But none of that matters now as we’re going home,” she said with unmitigated disappointment. It was then her phone went off several times as she received multiple messages in rapid succession. Grabbing it from the center console, she placed the fingertip of her right middle finger against the sensor on the back.

Not wanting to get a ticket or in a wreck, she waited until she was stopped at a red light before reading them. She did not recognize the sender’s number.

I know how much you want to follow in your sister’s footsteps, but you’ve already failed. Or did you forget she had to finish college before beginning her summer of submission?

Don’t worry your pretty little head off. I’ve got other plans for you and your sexy fiancé. Plans that will first require you to let all those body modifications heal.

Go back to your sister’s place and relax. You’ll receive a call in a few days to meet with an attorney to read and sign a deal of your own.

“What the actual fuck?” Larissa said as she slowly pressed down on the gas pedal. “So, um apparently someone has plans for us and we’re to go back to Kaylee’s and await a call.”

“Um, what?”

“Here, read for yourself,” Larissa said, holding the phone out to her fiancé.

Rylie took the phone and read the texts before sending a reply. *Who is this and what plans do you think you have for me and my sexy fiancé?*

You’ll just have to wait until your meeting with the attorney, came a quick reply.

Who are you? Are you the same person that made the deal with Kaylee? Why should we do anything you say?

I can give you ten million reasons but you won’t get a single one if you don’t do as I say. Goodbye for now.

“What the shit? Are we really going to do what this mystery person says?” Rylie asked as she put Larissa’s cell phone back in the center console.

“We were going to follow in Kaylee’s footsteps – spend the summer being trained as sex slaves, so why wouldn’t we do as they ask? Especially if they’re going to pay us ten million dollars each.”

“That’s the part I don’t get. Why would anyone pay us ten million dollars to spend the summer being trained as sex slaves?”

“You read Kaylee’s contract. It might start off as a summer, but if they ask the same of us then we’ll be slaves for at least the next five years, if not the rest of our lives. I’d say that’s worth ten million easy.”

“Fair enough, but I still don’t understand why anyone would pay that kind of money for a sex slave they could probably get for free. And why us? I mean, sure, we like kinky sex, but the only people that know that are your sister and her fiancé.”

“You got me there, but like you said, we love kinky sex so if someone is willing to pay us ten million dollars to do what we enjoy then who am I to argue? That being said, I’m sorry if it seemed as if I was pushing you to do this. That was never my intention.”

“And I’m sorry I snapped at you. I’m just in a lot of pain and we both know how I get when I’m uncomfortable.”

“If there was a way to rewire your brain to register pain as pleasure would you do it?”

“You want to turn me into a masochist?”

“Only if you want, but that wasn’t my question.”

“Let’s say it was possible and my brain is successfully rewired to feel pleasure from pain. Isn’t that dangerous? I mean, instead of writhing in agony as breaking a bone I’d instead moan in pleasure all the while gushing in orgasm. Okay, that might be extreme, but can you tell me that won’t happen?”

“Um, yes, yes I can. I’ve been a masochist for as long as I can remember and there’s a limit to what I can take. You were there when I broke my arm in the seventh grade. Was I gushing in orgasm or screaming in agony? And when I pulled a muscle the other day which got you involved in the first place. Was I creaming my panties or grumbling in pain?”

“Point taken, but you still can’t say it’s impossible. That being said, sure, I’d do it if it were possible.”

“Cool.” Knowing it was very much possible, Larissa smiled as she stared at the road stretched to the horizon. “It is possible by the way. Training your brain to register pain as pleasure. And I think we’ll get started on that aspect of your training just as soon as we’re able to have sex again.”

“I figured you wouldn’t have asked unless it was. That doesn’t change anything. I love you, Larissa, and if being a masochist will make you happy then I’m willing to give it a try. Just remember, I’m a wuss when it comes to pain so take it easy on me.”

“Says the woman that let me pierce her nipples, hood and outer labia and brand her mound. Not to mention the three hundred swats of the cane and two more brands you took at the club. I think you’re more of a masochist than you care to admit.”

“Um, no, pretty sure I still hate pain.”

“Then why keep going back for more?”

“Good question.”

“Which I’ve already answered. You’re a closet masochist. Go on, admit it, you’re a pain slut. Or did you think I missed the three orgasms you had while being caned?”

“I didn’t want to but I couldn’t help it. They just happened.”

“Welcome to being a masochist,” Larissa grinned. In reality she knew her fiancé was not a masochist but if she was going to train her as one then where better to start than by making her believe she was already well on the way? “